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# The Wesleyan

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*Ad Astra per Asperum*

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WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GA.

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IT ISN'T the proper thing, we know very well, to dedicate an issue of "THE WESLEYAN" to anybody, but, since this is our very last appearance will you bear with us while we dedicate the senior number to our little sisters, the Sophomores?

We will gladly tell you why it is that we forget the "savoir faire" proverbially attributed to Seniors and thus break a long established precedent.

Two years ago these Sophomores came to us as eager and enthusiastic Freshmen. Since that time there hasn't been a moment that they haven't been a comfort, a joy, and an inspiration to their sisters' hearts. They have helped us up to the very last minute by contributing stories and helping out in a thousand other different ways. We want them to know, before we leave them, that their Seniors love them and are expecting great things of them.

And so, with your kind permission,

To the Sophomores,—bless their hearts!

## **"Under Cover of a Storm"**

BY CELESTINE WILLIAMS, '25.

"It was late, very late. The day had been a strenuous one as well as an unusually sultry and hot one. Now, the atmosphere had taken on that sticky moisture which precedes a thunder-storm.

From my office window I quickly scanned the streets below, but my gaze was met by only a few blinking lights. The moon, which only a few hours before had arisen in all the splendor and beauty of its fullness, was now eclipsed by a vast cloak which stretched itself over the infinite space of the sky. No stars studded the blackness of that ethereal cloak—only the scurrying clouds were visible to the human eye. Indeed, it seemed as if the universe itself had been lulled into some deep deathly sleep, for no human sound penetrated the stillness of that black night. An emotion akin to something I could not describe stole over me—a feeling of some foreboding ill.

But coming down to earth again, I laughed at my imagination. Casting away my fears, I glanced at my watch. It was eleven-thirty exactly. Giving the sky another swift glance, I decided that by taking the deserted road which led by the old mill, I would reach home just in time to escape the storm. I jerked down the windows, slammed down my desk-top, locked the door, and then started off at a gallop.

In fifteen minutes I had reached the bridge, but to my dismay big drops of rain came pelting down upon me. A flash of lightning revealed the old mill, only fifty feet away, silhouetted against the blackness which enveloped it. I started toward it in a run, thankful for its shelter, forgetting for the moment the mysterious tales that had been circulating among the children and the ignorant class, but scoffed at by the more intelligent people of the town. My thoughts just at that moment were concerned with one thing, and one thing only—to get out of that down-pour. In my haste I stumbled over something just as I reached the little porch which was at the side of the delapidated structure. I fell sprawling on the ground—at the same moment seeing the flickering of a candle-light within.

My heart gave an odd little quirk which sent it bounding into my throat, almost suffocating me for the moment.

Cautiously I raised myself on one elbow to search for the light again. Yes! it was surely there. Could it be—Oh! those tales I had listened to, yet scorned—and so they are true after all! These and a hundred more thoughts connected with them flashed through my mind.

But suddenly a ray of sanity almost snatched me from the grasps of my imagination which was playing havoc with my heart, and a part of my old bravery returned. Why was I so silly when if I had only stopped to think, I would have known that the lighter of that candle was only a poor refugee from the storm even as I was. Choking down my fear, I got up and started across the porch to the door. Suddenly I stopped—a paroxysm of fear crept over me—I weakly sank into a corner piled high with old meal bags. Almost on a level with my eye was a little notch-hole through which the light was streaming. Plastering one eye over it, a sight that chilled my bones met my horrified gaze. A boy of about twenty years was seated on a box. Blood was trickling from a big gash just over his left eye, while one arm hung limp at his side. Great tears of agonized pain were coursing down his cheeks.

Around him were seated three fierce looking men—veritable monsters in human form. Small piercing eyes peered out from beneath slouch hats, while their snarling mouths were covered by red bandana handkerchiefs. Altogether they were obnoxious to gaze upon, and the whole scene was repulsive to me. I was sick at heart but some magnetism prevented me from moving my eye from the hole.

The largest of the three, apparently their leader, moved over to where the boy sat, and stood towering over him. To my mind, he resembled an eagle ready to pounce upon its helpless prey.

“Do ye intend ter tell us where that brother o’yourn is, or will I have to choke it out o’ye?” he growled.

“Now sonny,” another tantalizing voice broke in, “sign this check and tell us all ye know or we’ll have to bust yer other bones, and stiffen ye out like we did yer paw out yonder!”

For a moment only the storm broke the silence which fol-



lowed. Convulsed with pain—nevertheless, he closed his eyes and gritted his teeth with determination, but at the mention of his father whom they had brutally murdered only a short time before, the boy fell over backwards unconscious.

“Wal—” drawled the gruff voice of the boy’s persecutor, “We can’t git nothing out o’ him right now, so we jest as well haul his paw away.”

“Pete, ye stay here an’ watch him ’till we git back,” snarled one of the men.

The two started for the door and with that, the magnetic power of the hole ceased and I dived under the meal sacks. I held my breath for fear that the pounding of my heart would be heard above the storm. The men passed by without detecting me. Going to the very place where I had stumbled they roughly pulled out from under the porch, the object over which I had stumbled—the boy’s dead father!

After watching them drive off with their victim, I again dived under the meal sacks, this time getting a mouthful of meal for my efforts.

By the time I recovered, the storm had ceased and only faint flashes of lightning now lighted up the sky. Thinking this was a good time to make a get-away, I cautiously crawled out from my hiding place, finding to my annoyance that my wet clothes were hopelessly plastered with white meal.

Caring little for this, I carefully tipped across the porch and started for home in a gallop. Just as I reached the bridge my eyes met a sight that appalled me. The two villains were standing at the edge of the bridge preparing to throw their victim over. My heart failed me for I was going too fast to stop—on and on I went. I was only about six feet from them when they, upon hearing me, wheeled around. A faint flash of lightning revealed my meal-plastered form dashing toward them. Not able to stop myself I hurled my whole weight upon them! Thinking me to be the dead man’s ghost, they instantly dropped his stiffened form into the river with a resounding “splash!” Simultaneously, two blood-curdling yells issued from their hoarse throats.

I jumped so violently that I awoke with a start! For a moment I stared wildly around me, then made the startling

discovery that I was hanging half-way out of my bed. Beads of cold perspiration had broken out over my forehead, and I was in a nervous tremor. Sitting upright, I then and there solemnly vowed that never again would I, Dick Royston, indulge in the treacherous and deceptive delights of lobster-salad at any hour later than six o'clock in the evening!

## Archives of Archeology

(Historic bones pulled by the class of 1923).

*Men seek for fame in divers ways,  
Some paint, and some write rhymes,  
But we have gained our laurel sprays  
By bones we pulled at times.  
Ye Freshmen, list our grievous tale!  
And Sophomores, hear our moan!  
O Juniors, our mistakes bewail!  
We've won our pulley bone.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The first of our wild career  
Was four short years gone by,  
When, homesick for the haystack dear,  
"Back to the hay!" we cry.  
A hay ride is legitimate,  
As all good people know,  
But O, the irony of fate  
That made us want to go!  
For we, so young and innocent,  
Knew not the word discreet,  
And in our joy and merriment,  
We rode down Cherry Street.  
We gave our yells right lustily  
In front of Person's store;—  
And Mercer boys came out to see  
What meant the loud uproar.  
'Twas then and there, in all that fun  
Began our store of knowledge,  
We learned what was and was not done  
In the history of the college.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*A rep once made is not forgot,—  
There's something in a name,  
Our Nemesis, O cruel lot!—  
O'ertook us once again.  
On Hallowe'en, when witches grim*



*And black cats are the go,  
 We hied us gayly to the gym  
 To a caberet, you know.  
 And some were dressed as teahounds bold,  
 While some were ladies gay,  
 But ah, before the night was old  
 Our joy had passed away.  
 For at ye grand old Wesleyan  
 The caberet's taboo,  
 Nobody dresses as a man,  
 Disgraced are they who do!  
 And ere we weary homeward lagged,  
 As gas bell told we must  
 We each one found that we had dragged  
 Our womanhood in dust.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Alas! Our woes were not complete,  
 For on Thanksgiving Day,  
 We had, in spite of our defeat  
 Our banner snatched away!  
 Our etiquette I quite deplore,  
 We hadn't any tact,  
 For, as they grabbed and snatched the more,  
 The harder we fought back;—  
 While Freshmen girls, as you all know,  
 Should turn the other cheek,  
 And never dare give blow for blow  
 But gentle be, and meek.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*As Sophomores, we put on a drive  
 To have a boneless year,  
 Perfection had not yet arrived,—  
 But now my story hear:  
 We gave a stunt,—A minstrel skit,  
 Quite up to Keith or Lowe,  
 And gracefully did dancers flit  
 To music soft and slow.  
 But "O By Jingo" it fell through,*

*The Hot Dog's bark was lost,  
 Our deed, we had it long to rue,  
 Exhorbitant its cost!  
 We thought that we'd be asked to leave,  
 Or maybe shot at dawn,  
 But we at last gained our reprieve,  
 And so we struggled on.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*At Junior prom 'twas all the same  
 Tho none save prommers knew  
 That in the favors "bones" were pulled,  
 And not just one, but two!  
 And when, that year, we had a tea  
 For Seniors, ere they'd gone,  
 To keep our record, each we gave  
 A gilded wishing-bone!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Now one would think when we had reached  
 That state of dignity,  
 That we would leave off pulling bones,—  
 But just you wait and see;  
 'Twas on that first warm Sabbath morn,  
 When, clad in cap and gown,  
 Ten Seniors, late as late could be,  
 Must run the long hill down!  
 And when at last they reached the front  
 Where Senior line should be,  
 The Freshmen they passed by remarked,  
 "That's Senior dignity!"  
 With faces red, and hair 'most down,  
 And caps set on awry,  
 We thought if one more bone we pulled  
 We'd surely ossify!  
 Ye Freshmen, list this greivous tale!  
 And Sophomores, hear our moan!  
 O Juniors, our mistakes bewail;  
 We've won our pull-a-bone!*

## Wesleyan's Part in the Centennial

MILDRED BOULTON, '23.

It is with enthusiasm pitched to the highest key and interest raised to the nth power that Wesleyan girls have launched out one hundred per cent. strong to take part in the Macon Centennial celebration.

Wesleyan girls feel that this is not only an opportunity for every girl to do a great honor to her Alma Mater, but it is a greater privilege to show the people of Macon how proud they are of the city whose history Wesleyan has had a vital part in making.

Not only will every member of the Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman and irregular classes be ready to do her part in making Wesleyan's part a significant one, but the faculty, trustees, and alumnae will be taking a significant role when Wesleyan is crowned by the world on May 10.

The chief purpose of the pageant, which will be presented by Wesleyan, will be to give a brief but artistically beautiful elaboration and symbolic interpretation of the history of the college, and to establish before the eyes of the public the claim of Wesleyan as the oldest chartered woman's college in the world. The presentation will be one act requiring twenty minutes for exhibition, but during those twenty minutes a pageant will be given which will do high honor to the college, and should hold a warm place in the heart of every citizen of Macon that has an interest in the college.

The pageant will come to a climax when all the colleges claiming right to priority are brought before the throne of Justice, their evidence is weighed and the scales fail to tip. The truth is established when Wesleyan with all her train of missionaries, teachers, mothers, business women appears before the bar of Justice, her evidence is weighed, the scales tip in her favor, and she is crowned by the world.

For several weeks the committee from the faculty composed of Professors Bailey, Maerz, Grote, with Miss Virginia Garner as chairman, has been working out plans to put the part of Wesleyan over with the best success. Much credit is also due



Misses Chaplin, Kline and Wallace who have so patiently served on the costume committee and worked out every detail of costuming most carefully. Every girl will make her own costume. The colors and styles as designed by the committee will be very artistic in combination.

The feature story class, under the direction of Miss Garner, has played a very significant role to make the pageant a worthy event to be remembered. To this class is due the honor of writing the scenario which originally consisted of eleven scenes. On account of a lack of time for presentation, these several scenes have been combined into one act which will be very unusual and unique.

Such a celebration comes but once every hundred years and those of us here now feel that we are given an especial honor to do our college and city honor and show our appreciation for what Wesleyan has meant to Macon and what Macon has meant to us.

---

## A Poem

REBEKAH G. OLIPHANT, '23.

*There's never a roadway but comes to an end,  
Tho happy that roadway be,  
And friendship must always bring parting with friend,  
Our solace is memory.  
Four years have gone by 'neath a calm sunny sky,  
So swiftly it leaves us adaze,  
Long as suns' rays shall beam we will treasure a dream,  
A dream of our yesterdays.*

*O the soft golden haze of remembered days  
Will carry us back to you,  
Tho we'll soon go exploring on untrodden ways  
And seeking a vision new.  
Tho luck cease to smile o'er the long dreary while  
Tho the glamour of life decay  
A mem'ry we'll keep in our heart strings sunk deep  
Of a wonderful yesterday.*

## Three Years to Live

MARGARET GARDEN, '25.

History tells us that there was once a man without a country; but I am going to tell you of a mother and child who have no husband or father, whose street is a plot of ground in an uncultivated field, and whose home is a rain-streaked tent under God's spacious skies.

"It was a day jes' like this," said the ghostly wreck of humanity who sat opposite us, "that my life ended." Then, staring into space, she added—"You know I'm not really livin' now; I'm jes' draggin' on for the sake o' him;" and she pointed to the wee baby curled up like a tiny puppy on the hard, narrow pallet.

And dragging on she was and had been for the last two years. She had once hoped for a home and a good name, but instead fate had given her a tent and a nameless child.

"He ain't very well today,—my baby, ma'am," she almost whispered as she again glanced anxiously toward the child at the opposite end of the tent. "He wa'n't even well enough to take him to the clinic for his milk, so I jes' held him up tight in my arms, like this, and rocked him to sleep. You see, that's the reason why I ain't workin' today."

There was a few minutes' silence; then she spoke again—

"I pray every day an' night that my baby won't never have to work in the mill. When I'm gone—you know one lung's gone now—I'm hopin' that somebody'll adopt him for their own, ma'am. He ain't seen much o' life yet and maybe he won't never have to know it as I have."

To some an orphanage is an institution at the very name of which one shrinks; but not so with this woman. Her answer to that solution was—

"Jes' anywhere, ma'am, after I'm gone—anywhere 'cept to the mill. The lint there is a regular devil, ma'am. First thing you know, it begins to get a hold to you, and then every year it gets you a little bit tighter and a little bit tighter until there ain't no way to escape."

Her lips curved into a wistful, yet somewhat bitter smile as she sighed and slowly shook her head.

"I ain't complainin', ma'am. There's heaps o' people that ain't even got one good lung; an' besides, the doctors say I can stand three more years of it. That means three more years to live—to live with my baby."

That night the baby died. Possibly the woman's prayer had been heard and God had taken the little creature away from all the earthly mills up to His heavenly home where there *is* no lint and where he would never know the worst side of life.

But the woman has three more years to live!



## All Aboard for Blue Ridge!!

FANNIE BELLE OUTLER, '23.

*What does Blue Ridge offer me?*

Blue Ridge, North Carolina, situated on the side of the ridge of mountains bearing that name which extend northeast of Asheville, is known widely throughout the South and many other parts of the country as a conference ground where thousands of people gather each summer in meetings of a religious, civic, or economic nature.

The Young Women's Christian Association has held its Southern conference for students here for many summers, and now announces its annual conference, officially designated as "Southern Student Conference I," to be conducted June 5-15, this summer.

Since places often become significant in the light of what has happened in them, it has become natural for students, when referring to their experience of a summer conference there, or when indulging in dreams of a coming experience, to include under the one term "Blue Ridge" all the elements that are found in a ten-days' conference of students there, the comradeship, the program, the intangible thing we call "spirit," the recreational factors, and much else.

But to a student who for the first time faces the long white columns of Robert E. Lee Hall on the slope of the mountains as she leaves the little yellow station at Black Mountain on the Southern, and is whirled away up and up over miles of gravelled road through cool woods, there comes a very real question, What does all this offer me? She has hazily assembled some preconception of her ten days there and has consulted the family in advance by the usual method of talking in superlatives as she has heard the people back at school whose enthusiasm for the place carried them high. Somewhere in the back of her thinking is the impression that she is to meet many peppy girls, many tall secretaries who wear "approved" shoes, many dynamic speakers, and enchanting scenery.

She will find all of that—but more.

Can we explore a bit and learn what Blue Ridge conference does offer you and me?

Much depends upon your own temperament, of course. If you are a soul sensitive to beauty, your most lasting impression perhaps will be that of the everlasting and ever-new beauty God unfolds before you there in His hills. One is tempted to write volumes on the impressions that come as one watches the mist across the valley at sunrise, the shadows on the Seven Sisters as the sun sinks behind them, on the walks and gurgling streams throughout the day.

As your love of beauty expands, you will find such a satisfying peace in the silence and repose of the mountains as you have rarely known in your life.

Or are you ready for the adventure, the power, that you have come to expect ahead of you there? Each day is a challenge to you. A challenge to *comradeship* with the people from your own college, whom you will learn in a very new way, with people from colleges similar and different to your own, some of whom you will cherish as very dear friends ever afterwards, comradeship with the streams, woods, flowers, and charming vistas which the True Artist has formed, and best comradeship of all—with the Father God Himself.

For you have come to Blue Ridge on a *quest*, seeking better to find and know the Father God, and searching for a way of life in a world which somehow we have not yet comprehended, a world which may be needing what you and I have to give, if we but discover what within lets us give. So it is that another challenge comes during the days there. A challenge to *think*. Stimulated by contact with other minds questing as you are, searching together for the basic truths that Jesus made clear, discovering His mind upon the problems of personal relationships, of industrial relationships, of international relationships,—is not this an adventure which requires courage and strength if we are to think through it to *our* way of life as He would have us shape it?

What sort of program does a conference have which holds for me these things?

A program of dry-as-dust platform speeches with prim little forums afterwards? Well, rather not. A program beginning after breakfast with an hour of Morning Worship, where the



silence within is broken only by the sound of the stream just outside the auditorium, where one learns the beauty of silent prayer and quiet music as the "Amen;" after this come the morning address and discussion groups, the forums and similar meetings; after lunch, a rest period until late afternoon, during which weary souls rest, and curious ones tramp, or swim, or play tennis or basket-ball, and home-thinking ones sit in the cool hall and write; at nights, a varied program in the auditorium, sometimes an address, sometimes a pageant showing the world-reach of the Association, sometimes greetings from all the foreign students present, each speaking in her own tongue but all bearing the same message of love and interest, sometimes a moving picture of international scope—nothing monotonous about the evenings; then delegation meetings—Taps, and bed at 10!

But one wonders what it is *not*, if it *is* so many other things. First, Blue Ridge is not a tourist resort. The students who gather there June 5-15 will not have come primarily for a summer vacation; most of them will have come at great sacrifice, and will wish to make the most of the investment. Then, it is not a place requiring more as to dress than can be carried in the conventional "conference suit-case," simply those clothes which do good service daily on the American campus, with special attention to comfortable walking shoes, and athletic "trappings" such as one's racket, bathing suit, bloomers, or knickers, etc. It is not a hectic melee of girls, uncounselled, and at liberty to forget others in their own pleasure, but a group of students safeguarded from over-exertion, physically, by a physical examination and competent conference physicians; a group whose self-government is its pride, a group whose student government officers have been chosen by the group itself.

To sum up, Blue Ridge Conference, a comradeship, a quest, a recreation—hold much for you and me.

But it costs so much!

This we are told daily by students who are basing estimates upon hearsay rather than fact, in some cases. Careful inquiry has been made by taking a poll of as many students as could be reached who have made the trip to Blue Ridge within the



last two years, and the following estimate is based upon their report of *necessary* expenses. (Obviously, a trip of this nature can be as expensive as one cares to make it. The following suggestion does not include side trips to Grove Park Inn, Chimney Rock, or any of the trips which may be arranged for during the ten days at the conference, or afterwards, preferably.) R. R. fare, Atlanta, Ga., to

Black Mountain, N. C., and return .....	\$17.00
Pullman (lower berth rate) and return .....	7.50
Dinner, Asheville, Y. W. Cafeteria .....	1.00
Taxi and luggage, arriving and departing .....	1.50
Board, Blue Ridge .....	25.00
Reservation Fee .....	6.00
Lunch in Asheville, returning .....	1.15
Supper in Spartanburg, S. C. ....	1.00
Incidentals .....	5.00
<hr/>	
TOTAL .....	\$65.15

No attempt has been made in this sketch to particularize the account of the coming conference. In general, perhaps you are saying, all these conferences are alike and one's about as vague as the other. Our only answer is: Ask any girl who has been to Blue Ridge. If she happens to be an Association officer for next year, she is keen to go back to Blue Ridge and meet with other students who are facing a similar job, and discuss with them problems and methods of approach peculiar to her own departmental work. If she went as a "lay" member of an Association, she will have a very definite impression of the conference to give you. If she is a faculty member who has been, she will be most interesting to talk with, and most helpful with suggestions, perhaps. If she was your crack basketball player, or your promising journalist, or soloist, or violinist, or forum leader, or chorus musician, she, too, will have a story to tell of how she found herself fitting in to the scheduled activities as though she had been there all her life. If she comes from Brazil, with lovely eyes and a strumming guitar,

or from Czecho-Slovakia with a quaint English, or from China with her eyes bright and wide with joy, or from wherever—she, too, will tell you that she found at Blue Ridge proof that there are forces working in the world of today to bring to pass that great high-priestly prayer of Christ, “That they all may be one,” and that she found herself among friends who are themselves trying to comprehend.

*“You who are brave from the winds,  
Hill-bred, lover of winds,  
Though the God whom you know seems dim,  
Seems lost in a mist that blinds:  
This will you know above other men,  
In the hills you will find your God again.”*

(M. S. BURT.)

## Editorial

We have come once more to sad days of parting. Another school year has drawn to a close. We shall be glad to be with our loved ones at home again, but the home-going occasion will be tinged with sadness for some who will leave dear Wesleyan's halls for many a long day.

This has been a happy year and in some senses a very unique one. Many hours of work and enjoyment we have spent together. Each department and organization of Wesleyan has done splendid work and each has taken steps forward towards our aim for a greater Wesleyan. There has been greater co-operation between faculty and students and between pupils and organizations than ever before. Then, too, this year has seen the purchase of the tract of land for "Greater Wesleyan." This means much to us and more still to those fortunate girls who will be students there. We are glad that we had a part in the beginnings of "Greater Wesleyan," and that we can look back with pride to the year of 1922-23 when we were the first students to "take possession" of "Greater Wesleyan." Also this year has been noted for the centennial celebration in which the fact that Wesleyan is the oldest college in the world for women was proclaimed to the world through an effective pageant. How lucky we were to be students this year and to have a part in helping Macon celebrate its hundredth birthday. We shall be more than hoary-headed centenarians before our services will be required for a similar occasion.

Much thanks is due the student body and the faculty for the successful year that "The Wesleyan" has had. We appreciate the earnest and hearty co-operation that you have given us, and hope that this year's issues have proved interesting and helpful to you, and will continue to do so as the years after you and we have left Wesleyan roll by. In later years when you glance through their pages remember that you helped.

To next year's staff we send our greetings and best wishes for a successful year in 1923-24. We shall think often of you and anxiously await your productions. May you find the work as helpful as we have. To you we bequeath our mantle. Wear it and with it go forward to better things, keeping before you the ideals of "the oldest and best."



## Y. W. C. A.

If a good cabinet makes a good association the Wesleyan Y. W. C. A. promises to be stronger than ever. Much interest was shown by the entire student body in the recent election of officers of the association for the coming year and it was with great confidence in their ability and fitness that the following were chosen:

ROLINE TRIMBLE . . . . .	<i>President.</i>
MAMIE L. ROGERS . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY WILSON . . . . .	<i>Under Graduate Representative</i>
LILLIAN BUDD . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
ALMA CAUDILL . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELLEN WINN . . . . .	<i>W. C. T. U.</i>
MARY LOUISE COLLINGS . . . . .	<i>Social Standards</i>
QUINETTE PRENTISS . . . . .	<i>Social Service</i>
FRANCES WOOTEN . . . . .	<i>Social Service</i>
ORA MIZELL . . . . .	<i>World Fellowship</i>
CAROLYN WHITE . . . . .	<i>Religious Meetings</i>
MARGARET RICHARDS . . . . .	<i>Publicity</i>
VIRGINIA THOMAS . . . . .	<i>Tea Room Manager</i>

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

MARY HARWELL . . . . .	<i>President Student Government</i>
LOUISE BALLARD . . . . .	<i>Leader Student Volunteer Band</i>

The members of the new cabinet formally took their places in the association in a beautiful installation service held in the chapel Sunday evening, April 15.

The stage was unusually attractive with its decorations of flowers and flickering white tapers. Southern smilax, ferns, and snowy blossomed dog-wood gave to it the breath of spring that is already so in evidence. A double arch of white lattice work, banked with ferns and topped with burning candles made a most effective background.

Members of the retiring cabinet were seated in the audience at the right of the stage—those of the new at the left.

The service was opened by an organ prelude played by Miss Louise Titcomb as the students came into the chapel.

The program was as follows:

Prelude—Miss Titcomb.

Hymn.

Silent Prayer.

Solo—Miss Mary Bennett Cox.

Devotional—Miss Mildred Shelton.

Candle Service.

Immediately following her talk Miss Shelton, with a lighted taper in her hand, left the stage and lighted the candles of the retiring officers, who slowly filed on to the stage and formed in a semi-circle at the right of the arch.

The members of the new cabinet, dressed in white, took their places at the left of the arch. One by one the retiring officers lighted the candles of their successors and extinguished their own saying: "Even as ye have received the gift, so minister ye the same one to another." The candle of the in-coming president was the last to be lighted.

Miss Trimble made a short talk pledging the faith of the new cabinet and asking the co-operation of each member of the association to make the year one of the most successful.

After singing "Follow the Gleam," "Peace I Leave with You," was sung as a benediction.

The entire service was planned and arranged for by Miss Marian Page Munro.

\* \* \* \* \*

The old cabinet entertained the new with a hike Wednesday afternoon, April 18. Going to a beautiful spot on the Wimbush plantation, the girls cooked a delicious supper over a camp fire—coffee, bacon, siskabobs and everything that goes to make up an ideal camp feast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Will Callahan, who is in America on furlough after several years of missionary service in Japan, gave a very interesting talk on the Land of Nippon at the vesper hour Sunday evening, April 22. Mrs. Callahan is an aunt of Miss Frances Callahan, of Wesleyan. Her son, William Callahan, is a student at Emory this year.



## Locals

GRACE WOODWARD, *Editor.*

With suitcases packed so far ahead that there were blistered crepe dresses where no blistered crepe existed at all, Wesleyan girls awaited the signal, go! It finally sounded at the chapel hour, March 29. And spring holidays were in order for one week. Of course everybody had the best time they, or anybody else, ever had, but the same signal that was so long looked forward to, was the very one to announce that jollity had ended and another six weeks of hard task stood in front.

Those same dresses, of which the crepe was so carefully pressed out may look like blistered crepe dresses right on, however, it will not be from the suitcases, crumples, but more probably due to the absence of that coveted spare moment.

\* \* \* \* \*

An Easter egg hunt! Yes, siree! and for the kiddies too, it was not any grown-up affair, for on Saturday afternoon, March 24, Sophomores, dressed in their dainty little dresses and Freshmen, the hostesses, dressed as their maids, dressed in black dresses and white frilled aprons and caps, gathered on the back campus where the eggs were hidden.

After games and the hunt, Misses Dorothy Thomas and Charlotte Carruthers distributed symbolic favors to the guests.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night was black, and no lights could be had in Macon so far as electricity was concerned, but that made no difference for Y. W. C. A. elections were held. With the aid of a few candles perched here and there on window sills and the balcony-railing, ballots managed to be cast and as a result the following girls serve on the Y. W. C. A. cabinet for 1923-24: Roline Trimble, President; Mamie Louise Rogers, Vice-President; Mary Wilson, Under-graduate Representative; Lillian Budd, Secretary; Alma Caudill, Treasurer. Chairmen of the departments are: Quinette Prentiss, Margaret Richards, Carolyn White, Ora Mizell, Mary Louise Collings, Frances Wooten and Ellen Winn.



A training council for the incoming cabinets of the schools of Georgia was held at Shorter College, Rome, Ga. The purpose of the meeting was to exchange ideas and discuss plans for the new year. Wesleyan was represented by Roline Trimble, Mary Wilson, Frances Wooten and Ellen Winn.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Emma Tucker, who is well-known throughout the Southern States for her Bible readings, conducted a series of special services at the noon hour and in the evenings, daily, for a week during the month. The meetings were well attended and were beneficial to the students.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another election which was followed with keen interest was that of the officers of the Student Government Association and the Executive Committee. The officers were chosen as follows: Mary Harwell, President; Harriett Evans, Vice-President; Caroline White, Secretary; Merrill McMichael, Treasurer. The class representatives are: Senior, Page Munro and Leona Letson; Junior, Sarah Branch, and Ellen Hunt; Sophomore, Mary Ella Camp; Freshman, Margaret Barge; Irregular, Mabel Campbell.

At the Student Government Conference held at Richmond, Va., Misses Floy Cook, Ex-President and Mary Harwell, present incumbent represented the college.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Senior class officers for 1923-24 have been elected. They are: Mary Thomas Maxwell, President; Aurelia Cooper, Vice-President; Kathleen Bardwell, Secretary and Treasurer; Nell Lester, Sergeant-at-Arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Old histories are being unearthed, catalogues reviewed, old graduates and alumnae interviewed, stories composed and if the archives of Egypt contained anything concerning Wesleyan they, too, would be pried into! Wesleyan is to participate in the pageant of the Macon Centennial celebration May 9-11. With Miss Garner, Miss Grote, and Mr. Maerz and Mr. Bailey as a faculty committee and directors, work on the various scenes is being undertaken by the classes. The entire student body

and faculty will take part in the pageant, revealing in tableau Wesleyan's history and a dream of her future.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the high points in the month was Booth Tarkington's "Clarence," given by the Thalian Dramatic Club of the University of Georgia.

The performance was a splendid dramatization of the novel and the caste was especially adapted to their parts, but Freeman Jelks, as the hero, Clarence, and Bess Parr, the flapper daughter deserve special credit for the ease and skill with which they performed their parts.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Roamin' in the Gloamin' by the—" of course every time that song is heard it brings back memories of that particular chapel hour when Rev. Charles Butler, the evangelist, and his accompanist, Mr. Holloway, delighted the student body. The annual coming of Mr. Butler is anticipated with pleasure. After singing "April Showers," Rev. Butler introduced his accompanist, Mr. Holloway, who played Rachmaninoff's Prelude. At the close Mr. Butler read several poems.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Student Fellowship Conference of the Southeastern Division which was held in Atlanta, April 6-8, was attended by Misses Carrie Lou Algoood, Florence Lewis, Bertha Hogg, Ellen Winn, Margaret Richards and Grace Woodward.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Greater Mercer's Greatest Glee Club."

When Paul Perry, versatile manager of the 1923 Mercer University musical organization, so advertised the Mercer Glee Club, he did not overrate the splendid group of wholesome entertainers.

From the moment of the prelude before the curtain arose, when the chorus sang softly, "Mercer's Colors," their voices blending perfectly in the song, until the same group closed the excellent program by singing Mercer's Alma Mater, the entertainment was superfine.

The high light of the evening was reached in "Parson" Chandler's minstrel, which would have done credit to Al. G.



Field himself. R. E. Candler and Earl "Fat" Lord were a scream in the skit, "For the Sake of Science."

McGlothlin, Lane, Lord, Brantley and McWilliams each offered a solo with "Parson" following suit, each of the numbers being received with prolonged applause. Dan Davis' Mercer Jazz Clowns, "exponents of modern syncopation" as the sign on the drum had it, played numerous encores, "Hap" Sloan and his silvertone violin carrying off chief honors with Sole Mio. Picturesque and entertaining was Ronald "Scottie" Young, a Mercer student whose home is in Edinburgh, was a rare personality on the Glee Club. Ralph Tabor, pianist extraordinaire, had a part in the program all his own. Judging from the applause that greeted his marvelous rendition of the semi-classical music, he might have filled several programs to the satisfaction of the audience.

The choral work was splendid, particularly in the finale of the well-arranged program. To E. Powell Lee, director of the Glee Club, highest praise is given.—*Macon Telegraph*.

\* \* \* \* \*

The end of the year did not fail to find the Athletic Association choosing her officers for 1923. They are as follows: Maurine Munro, President; Elizabeth Winn, Vice-President; Eunice Thomson, Secretary; Mamie Harmon, Town Girl Representative.

\* \* \* \* \*

By the time that this reaches the press the tennis tournaments will be in full sway. Those playing from the various classes are: Senior—Fannie Bell Outler, Dorothy Hightower, Julia Glenn, Sarah Clarke, Sarah Higdon, Sarah Jones, Ruth Sears; Juniors—Mary Wilkerson, Helen Blanton, Maurine Munro, Ruth Oliver, Tommie Maxwell, Grace Woodward; Sophomores—Frances Peabody, Blanche Cooper, Sarah Wilkerson, Lula Will Brown; Freshmen—Dorothy Lee Cason, Frances Mims, Virginia Crittenden, Frances Holland, Martha Middlebrooks, Gabriella Pierce, Rachel Davidson, Mary Bennett.

\* \* \* \* \*

Distinguished visitors at the college recently were: Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, aunt of Miss Lois Rogers, and graduate of Wesleyan in 1857, who made the first designed flag of the



Confederacy; and Dr. Orie Latham Hatcher, of Richmond, Va. Dr. Hatcher is President of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance. Her purpose in coming was to discuss with college women, possible vocations and suggest various openings and fields of work, while here she met the members of the Sophomore class.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. W. F. Quillian has returned from Nashville, Tenn., where he attended the meeting of the Board of Education of the Southern Methodist Church.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fifth of the Master Artist series was held in the Wesleyan Chapel when Tandy McKenzie, famous tenor, gave his concert before a music-loving audience. Encore after encore was given after the splendid program.

The program was:

1. a. Je crois entendre encore, from "Pearl Fishers" . *Bizet*  
b. Pourquoi me reveiller, from "Werther" . . . *Massenet*
2. a. At Night . . . . . *Rachmaninoff*  
b. Charity . . . . . *Hageman*  
c. Song of Grusia . . . . . *Rachmaninoff*  
d. The Great Awakening . . . . . *Kramer*
3. a. Ah! Moon of My Delight, from "In a Persian  
Garden" . . . . . *Lehman*  
b. She Is Far From the Land . . . . . *Lambert*  
c. Cradle Song . . . . . *Kreisler*
4. a. Mauna Loa . . . . . *Kini*  
b. Malanai anu kamakani . . . . . *Kealoha*  
c. When . . . . . *Benham*  
d. My Dreams . . . . . *Tosti*

## Catch-All

DOROTHY HIGHTOWER, *Editor*.

### THE KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

(Apologies to Miller).

*Before him lay the faucet bright,  
Before him lay his cast-off duds—  
Behind him shone the yellow light  
Around him only white soap suds.  
"Oh, mother dear," he cried aloud,  
"I've scrubbed 'till all the skin is gone,"  
His mother only shouted back:  
"Soak on, soak on, and on.*

*"Oh Mother dear, this awful soap  
Has gotten in my shining eyes."  
About the tub he madly splashed,  
Meanwhile uttering awful cries.  
"Oh Mother dear, what shall I do  
When from my eyes the sight has flown?"  
"What do?" his angry mother shrieked,  
"Why just soak on, soak on, and on."*

*Before him was his mother's lap—  
Before him lay a pool of tears—  
Behind him was a leather strap,  
A realization of his fears.  
"Oh Mother, dear, I will be good."  
The boy in anguished pain did groan—  
The mother never a word did say—  
She only soaked on, soaked on, and on.*

\* \* \* \* \*

1st Student—"I didn't know that Mary and her husband lived anywhere near the ocean before."

2nd Student—"They don't—Where did you get that idea?"

1st Student—"She told me that she was doing light-house keeping."

Prof. Q. in Zoo.—“What kind of soil do crustaceans live in Miss G.?”

E. G.—“Er, Er—Oh yes, crusty of course.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Soph.—“What have you been doing?”

Fresh.—“Been taking a tramp out to Rose Hill.”

Soph.—“Gracious, and did you leave him out there?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Base Ball Fan.—“I caught a fly today and put the batter out!”

Non B. B. F.—“Hub, that’s nothing, I caught a hornet yesterday and got rather put out myself.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Garner, when girls got out the Telegraph—“Where is Miss Belcher?”

Y. L. J.—“She is at the jail.”

\* \* \* \* \*

1st Girl, after test—“What did you get?”

2nd Girl—“I got stung.”

1st Girl—“Hozzat.”

2nd Girl—“I got a B.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye flowery banks of Ocmulgee  
Your verdant hues I see;  
But when it comes to being green,  
They’re na sae green as me.

In lightsome mood I took a test  
Wi’ heart sae gay and free—  
But teacher hard staw way my mood—  
She left a flunk wi’ me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Senior—“Dr. Moore must be down on the short story writers.”

Junior—“What makes you think so?”

Senior—“Well, she said we would take their lives tomorrow.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Garner—“Girls, what day of the week was Saturday?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Maid going to office for an Alumnae Bulletin—“Mis Armand, Dr. Quillian wants one of them Aluminum Bulletins please.”



## Alumnae Notes

MARGARET RICHARDS, *Editor*.

And so another year has rolled away. Some of those who will be Alumnae in a few short months will probably like to quote dramatically, "Turn backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight," to let them live again the joys of their school girl days; others are "pruning their wings" for the long flight out into the great, wide world and are eager and anxious to enter the great field of world activities.

We who remain to pursue further our search for knowledge and learning give to you our love, and wish to express a deep appreciation of the great and splendid things that you have accomplished during your four years as Wesleyan girls. As you go out to join the mighty band of Alumnae, may you carry to them the hopes, and visions and ideals of the younger student generation, and may your work for Greater Wesleyan be as rich and as successful as that you have done at the "oldest and best."

The Alumnae Association is fortunate in having Miss Lois Rogers, of the Wesleyan faculty, selected as second vice-president. This office has been created to aid the president in organizing local Alumnae Associations. Miss Rogers has already visited several towns in the interest of this organization and is getting the work well under way. Miss Rogers is also corresponding secretary of the association.

\* \* \* \* \*

There have been weddings and more weddings, but it was left to the class of '22 to "cap" the most romantic affair "of the season." A dark night, a long automobile ride, the sudden curve at a dangerous bridge, the crash—the fight between life and death, the victory of life, and the final triumph of Love, provides the romantic background for the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Benton, former star player on the famous undefeated team of the Lavendar and White, and Mr. Troy C. Davis, a Macon lawyer. They were married shortly after the terrible automobile accident in which both Miss Miriam Sams and Miss Benton, (pardon, Mrs. Davis) were injured. Mr. G. E. Rosser, of Wesleyan College performed the ceremony.

An event of notable interest to their many friends was the marriage of Miss Lois Higdon, of Calvary, Ga., to Mr. Lawrence W. Powell, of Quitman. Rev. W. C. Jones, uncle of the groom, performed the ceremony.

Miss Sarah Higdon, a member of the Senior class was one of the attendants. Mrs. J. B. Roddenberry, a classmate of Mrs. Powell was also an attendant.

After a trip to South Florida, the young couple will be at home in Quitman, Georgia.

\* \* \* \* \*

The members of the Alumnae Association were saddened to learn of the death of two of the most prominent graduates. Mrs. Theo W. Ellis, Sr., who had been suffering from paralysis, died March 12, at her home on College street. Mrs. Ellis was 75 years of age. As Eugenia Rogers, she graduated from Wesleyan College immediately after the Civil War. She had been a prominent member of the Methodist church since early childhood.

Mrs. Edward Elder, one of the best known women in the city of Barnesville, died March 18, after a brief illness. Mrs. Elder had for many years been active in the religious life of the community. Because of her service she had been elected honorary life president of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist church. For a number of years she was state treasurer of the Woman's Missionary Society of the North Georgia Conference.

Before her marriage she was Miss Carrie E. Burkhalter, and she was an honor graduate of the class of 1871.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Miller G. White, of Macon, announce the birth of a young son. Mrs. White was formerly Miss Allie Jeff Doster, a graduate of the class of 1918.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the language of the radio bug, this is Y. A. E. signing off for the year 1923. Ye Ed has learned to love and admire the members of the Alumnae Association, and to feel very near to them as she writes of their marriages, deaths, work and attainments. For no matter whether

"She be teacher or mother, or wielder of pen,  
She's a Wesleyan girl underneath the skin."



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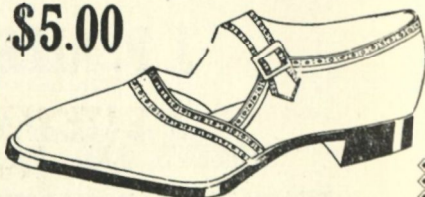
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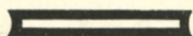
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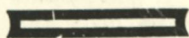
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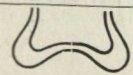
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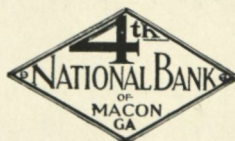
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